'Go on and tell me now' - Trapped

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by reid_simp

Summary

> “Tell you what, Tom?” Freddie’s honestly grateful to hear this much from Tommy. He's gone quiet recently.
>
> “I dunno, mate. Whatever it is got you quiet when you look at me these days.” Loose tongued; Tommy’s always been that way when he’s drunk. “Got that... that fuckin’ look in your eyes.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Trapped under the ground, unable to find picks or their bird, Freddie and Tommy have nothing left to do but talk while they wait for a rescue team, or soldiers to come and finish them off, or for the tunnel to collapse above them, or to run out of oxygen. Or gas. Endless possibilities. Most of which end in death.

“We probably won’t make it till the morning,” Tommy groans, honestly the most he’s said in days. He's only just out of hospital, stabbed and strangled. It had affected him, deeply, and he’s starting to notice how parts of himself are being chipped away. He finds this the perfect time to open up to Freddie, while he still has the capacity to do it, or at least before he’s dead.

At least he’s buried already. Quick and easy, as he always wanted. No jazzy funeral, no one mourning him. His legacy would be nothing. That's his issue. He'd have died for nothing. Just another fucking pawn in a useless war.

“So... go on and tell me now.” He’s drunk, a little, from the rum in his flask. He's also light-headed from the blood loss.

“Tell you what, Tom?” Freddie’s honestly grateful to hear this much from Tommy. He's gone quiet recently.

“I dunno, mate. Whatever it is got you quiet when you look at me these days.” Loose tongued; Tommy’s always been that way when he’s drunk. “Got that... that fuckin’ look in your eyes.”

“Maybe I just don’t like to see you here, in the mud, Tom.”

“Well you weren’t like it a year ago. Nothing's changed.” Blatant lie, Tommy knows. He can tell he’s changed. Arthur asked him about it when they saw each other a few months ago. Tommy couldn’t answer. He couldn’t find the words.

“I miss that look in your eye.” He smiles up at Tommy, and he can barely see it. “I didn’t appreciate it before. Didn’t even know what it was until it was gone.” Tommy doesn’t reply. He knows. “Hope. Happiness.” Tommy drops his head against his chest. Just fucking... hurts, to think about what’s changed. What's happened since he last saw his family in England, Finn, Ada. Back when he’d pick at his dinner, before it was the only thing he’d eat all day to give him energy to dig all the fucking day and night. Before he had to go over the top and run for his life.

“I know, Fred...” His voice breaks slightly. “I can’t-” Can’t find the words. Can't explain.

“It was that look that did it, eh Tom?”

“Hm?” Trying to distract each other, keep the other awake long enough to shout if the rescue team ever bother to show up.

“Back when we first met in school.” Stops. Considers whether it’s worth it. Remembers they’re probably going to die soon anyway. Best get the truth in the air. “Knew it was those eyes I wanted to be with.”

Tommy doesn’t reply for a moment, and Freddie’s sure he misjudged and said the wrong thing. “Thought it was Ada you were after?” It’s practically acceptance. Doesn’t question it.

“Always were useless with feelings, Tom, weren’t you?” Takes a risk, leaning over and taking Tommy’s hand. “It’s the stupidest thing to say, but there’s really no one else I'd rather be buried alive with.”

“Freddie...”

“Sorry, Tommy. I just needed to say it before... before-”

“I felt the same, Fred.” He squeezes Freddie’s hand three times. “I always felt the same.”

End Notes

slowly getting there! for some reason my lil gay self has gone all gay with tommy the last couple days! hope you enjoyed!

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